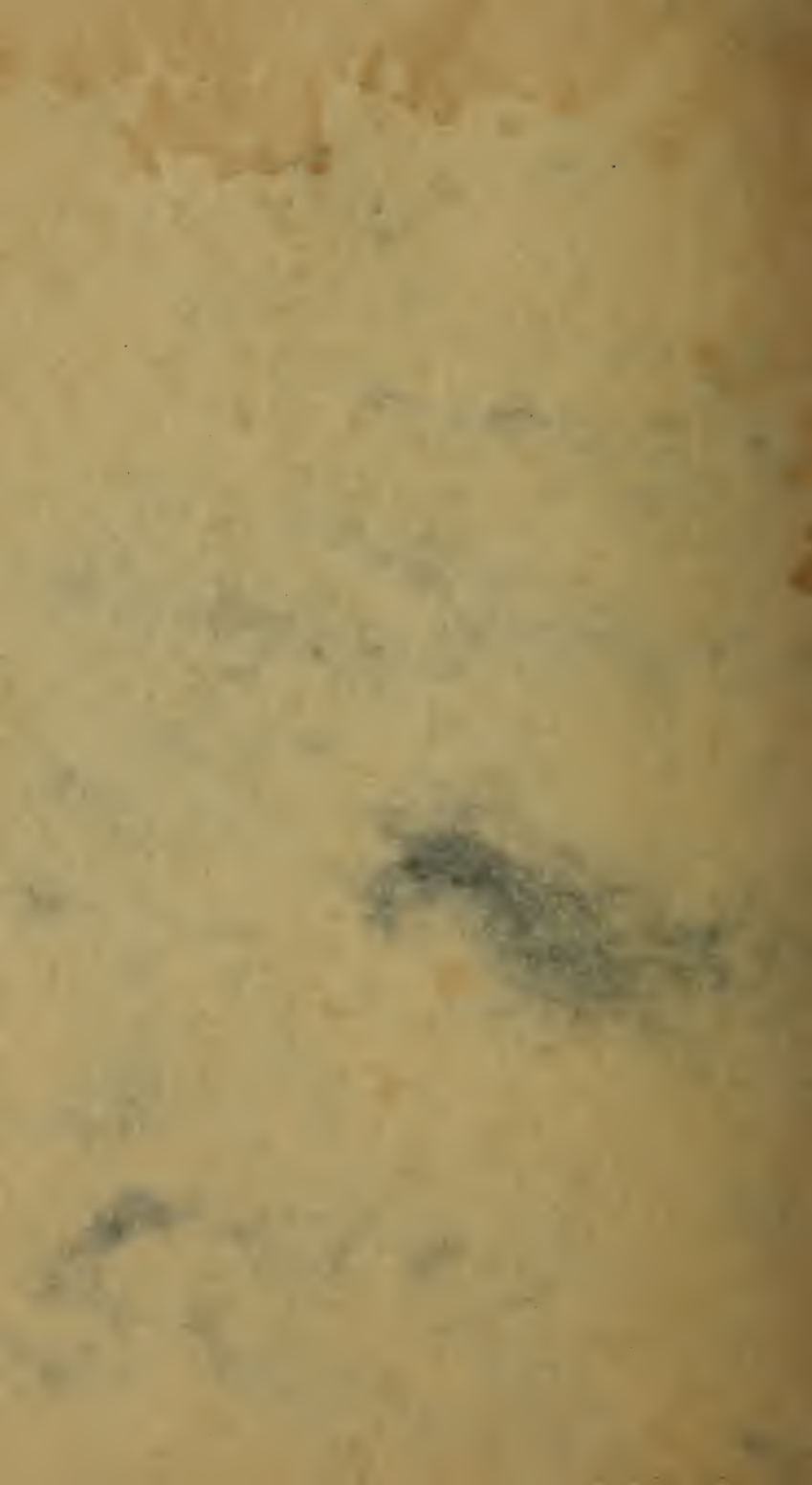


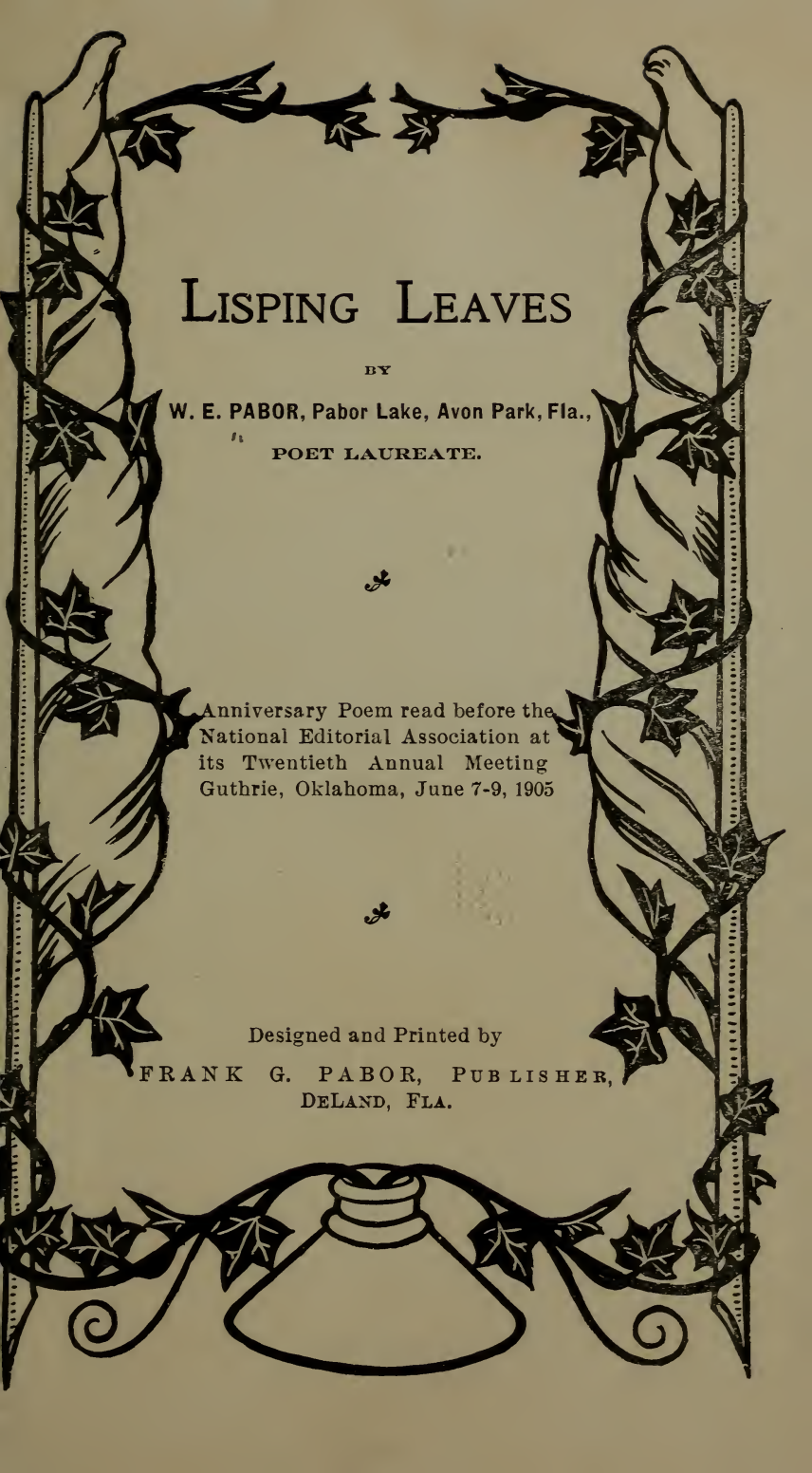
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Lisping Leaves







LISPING LEAVES

BY

W. E. PABOR, Pabor Lake, Avon Park, Fla.,

POET LAUREATE.

Anniversary Poem read before the
National Editorial Association at
its Twentieth Annual Meeting
Guthrie, Oklahoma, June 7-9, 1905

Designed and Printed by

FRANK G. PABOR, PUBLISHER,
DELAND, FLA.

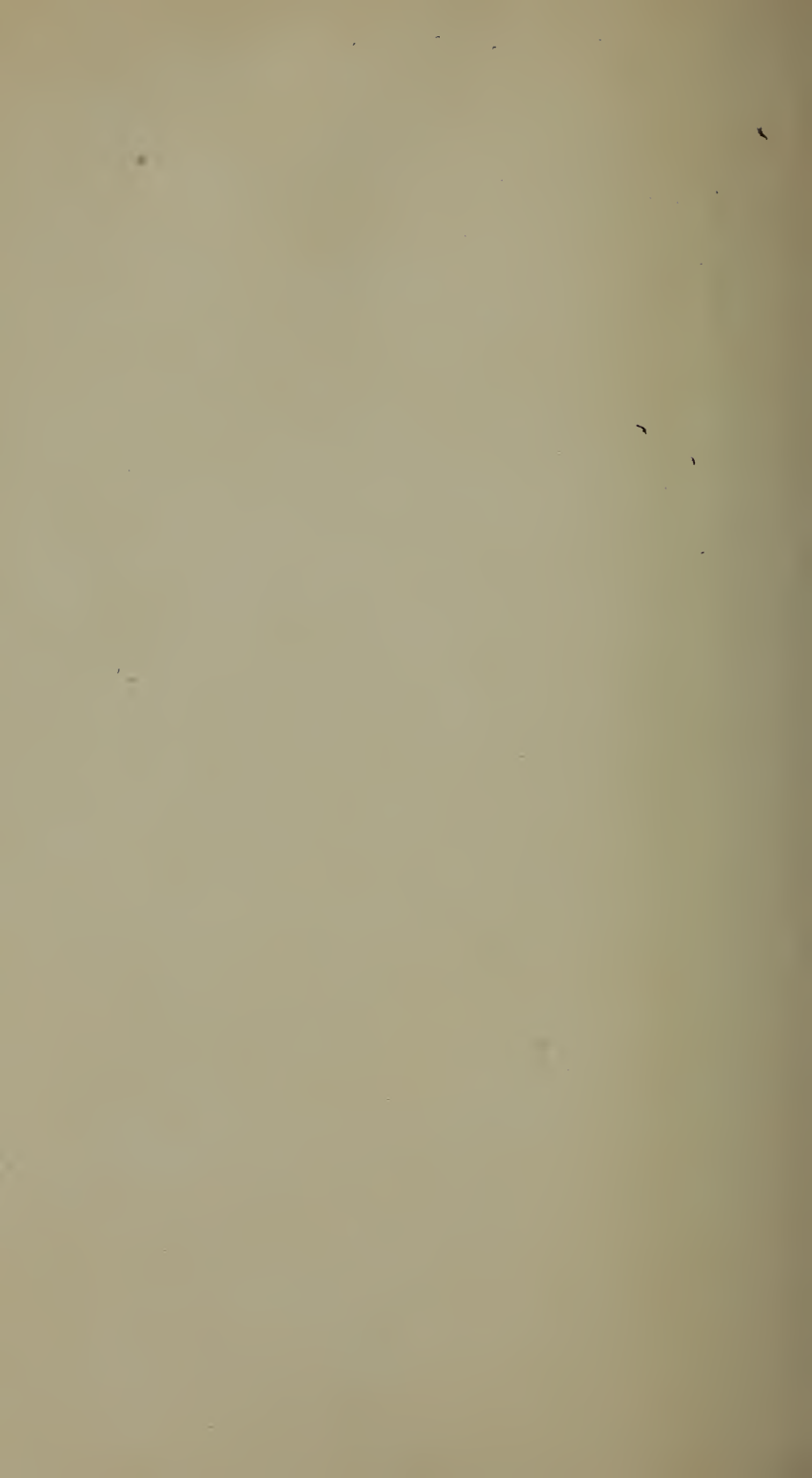


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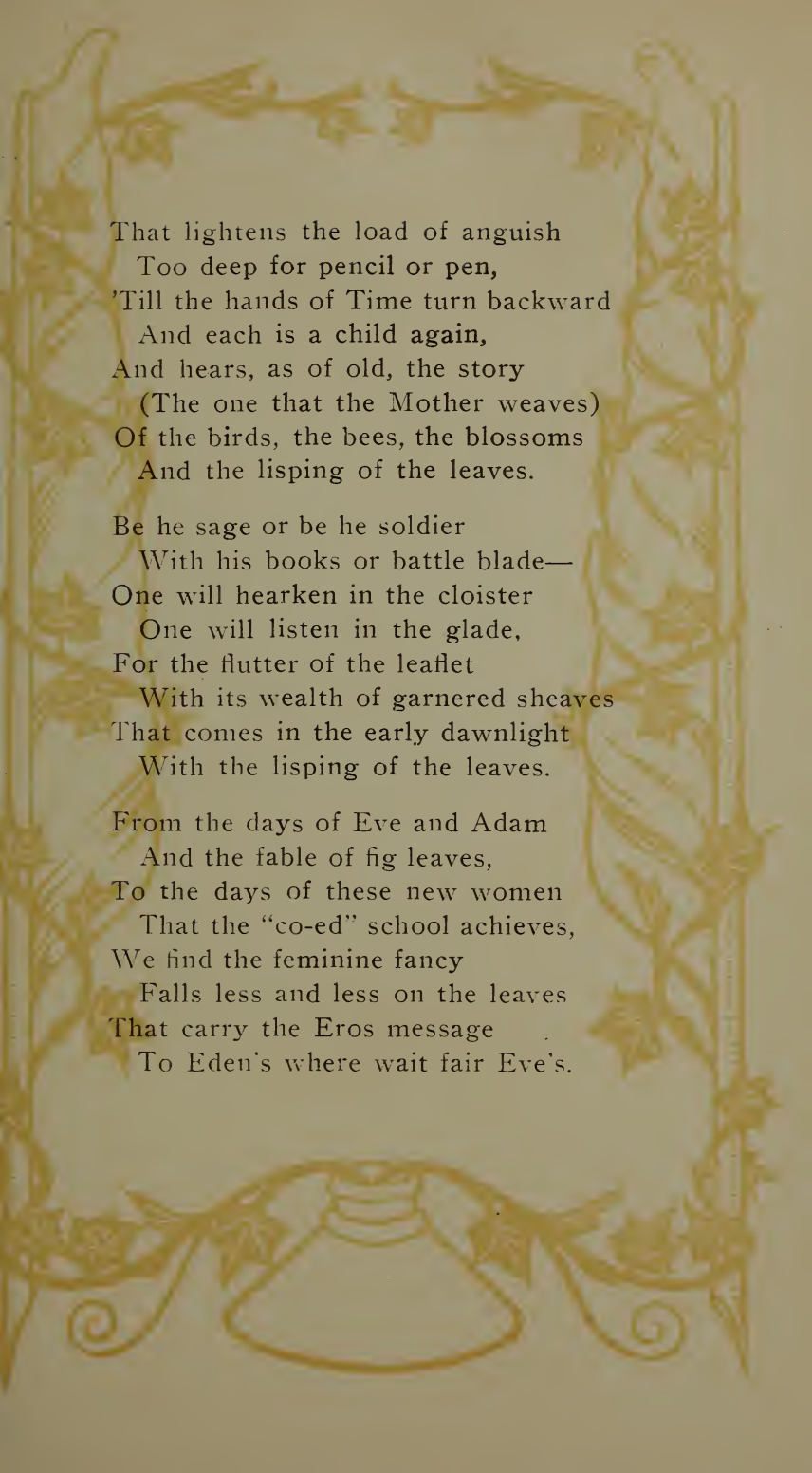
Part 1
A Nature Study



It comes through the open casement
With the first faint flush of dawn,
Like a whisper, soft and swelling
From out of the lips of morn;
And no lilting lay sounds sweeter
Than the one the South Wind weaves,
As a gift to those who worship
At th' shrine of the Lispⁱng Leaves.

The tremulous tones, so tender,
All tell of the unseen power,
That rules over rain and sunshine
And burgeons the woodland bower,
Where close to the heart of Nature
Lies balm for the one who grieves,
Till his soul is sensed with solace
That comes from the Lispⁱng Leaves.

And when, through the hours of darkness
Come the dreams that stab the soul—
When tides from the Isle of Sorrow
Their turbulent billows roll —
And when there's a throb of triumph
That forevermore deceives,
Then cometh the time to listen
For the lispⁱng of the leaves;



That lightens the load of anguish
Too deep for pencil or pen,
'Till the hands of Time turn backward
And each is a child again,
And hears, as of old, the story
(The one that the Mother weaves)
Of the birds, the bees, the blossoms
And the lisping of the leaves.

Be he sage or be he soldier
With his books or battle blade—
One will hearken in the cloister
One will listen in the glade,
For the flutter of the leaflet
With its wealth of garnered sheaves
That comes in the early dawnlight
With the lisping of the leaves.

From the days of Eve and Adam
And the fable of fig leaves,
To the days of these new women
That the "co-ed" school achieves,
We find the feminine fancy
Falls less and less on the leaves
That carry the Eros message
To Eden's where wait fair Eve's.

But I think of Ruth, the Gleaner
In the field of barley sheaves
And the sweet hope that was whispered
In her ears by lispings leaves;
For love is the crown of living
And a woman's heart a throne
Where she wields a greater scepter
Than the world has ever known.



Part 11
The Printed Leaves

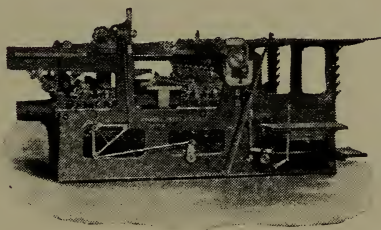
There's another kind of lisping,
There are other kind of leaves,
That are green through all the seasons
Beneath hall or cottage eaves;
And, like Nature's leaves and blossoms
... That bloom in the fields and bowers,
To the world they pulse the progress
And the heart-throb of the hours.

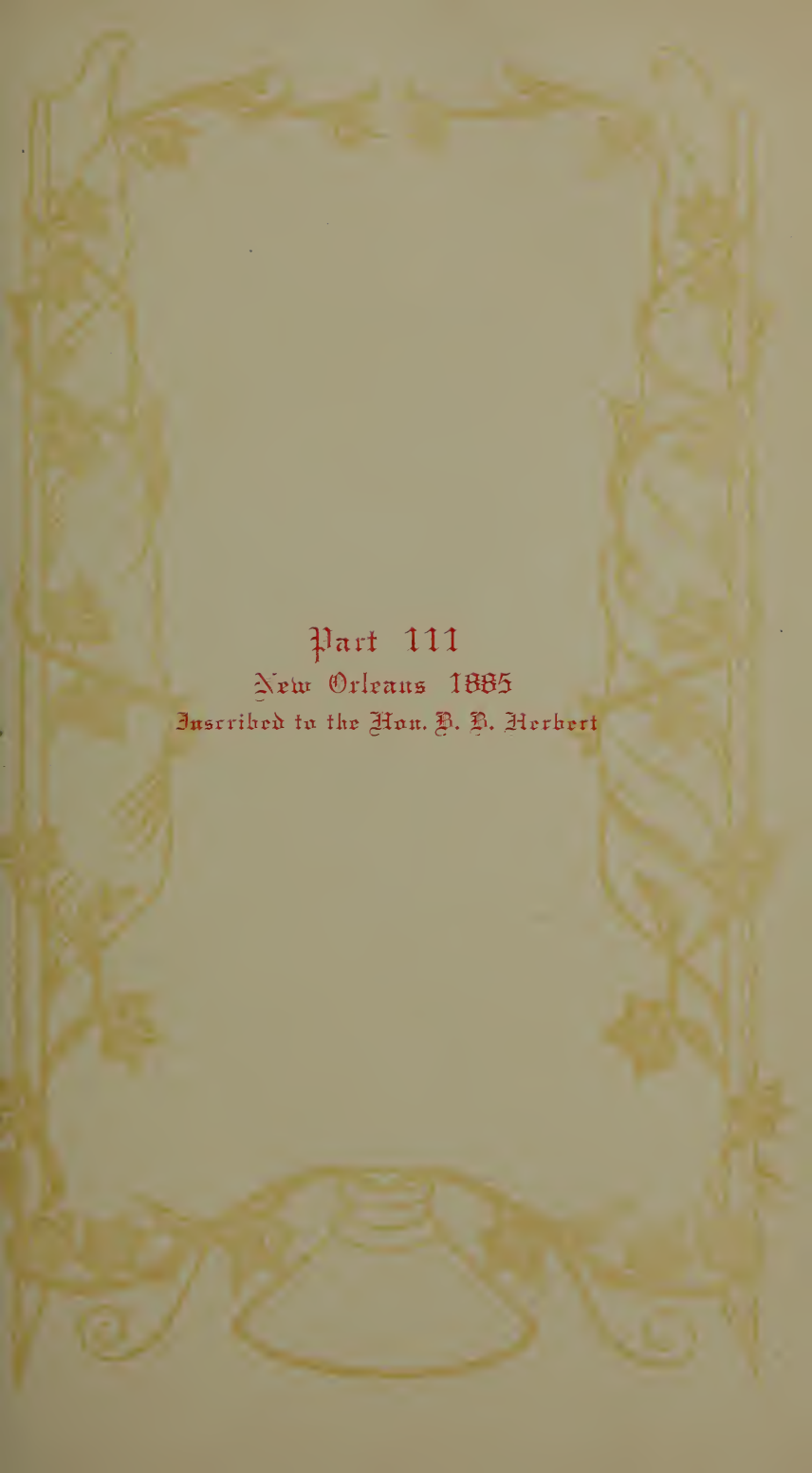
There is one with Merlin's magic
That enfolds the world around;
That floats on a sheet of paper
Where the drops of ink abound;
With each lisping leaf imprisoned
Within Mergenthaler lines
That to some give fadeless laurels
And to others withered vines.

Is it but a passing fancy
Born of woodland lisping leaves
That from Nature comes suggestions
For the songs the Singer weaves?
For the thoughts that come at midnight
To be heralded abroad
As a shining leaf of olive
Or a glittering crimson sword?

I recall the olden adage
 "There's a soul in every leaf;"
Unto some, words with no meaning
 But to me, a sweet belief,
Be they leaves of trees or flowers
 Each a message has to men
Wiser than ever was written
 By the Brothers of the Pen;—

As they listen to the lispings
 That come from electric leaves
While the editorial fingers
 Shape the story into sheaves,
Unto some a golden harvest,
 Unto some a flame of fire,
As they see a glad fulfilment
 Or the death of their desire.

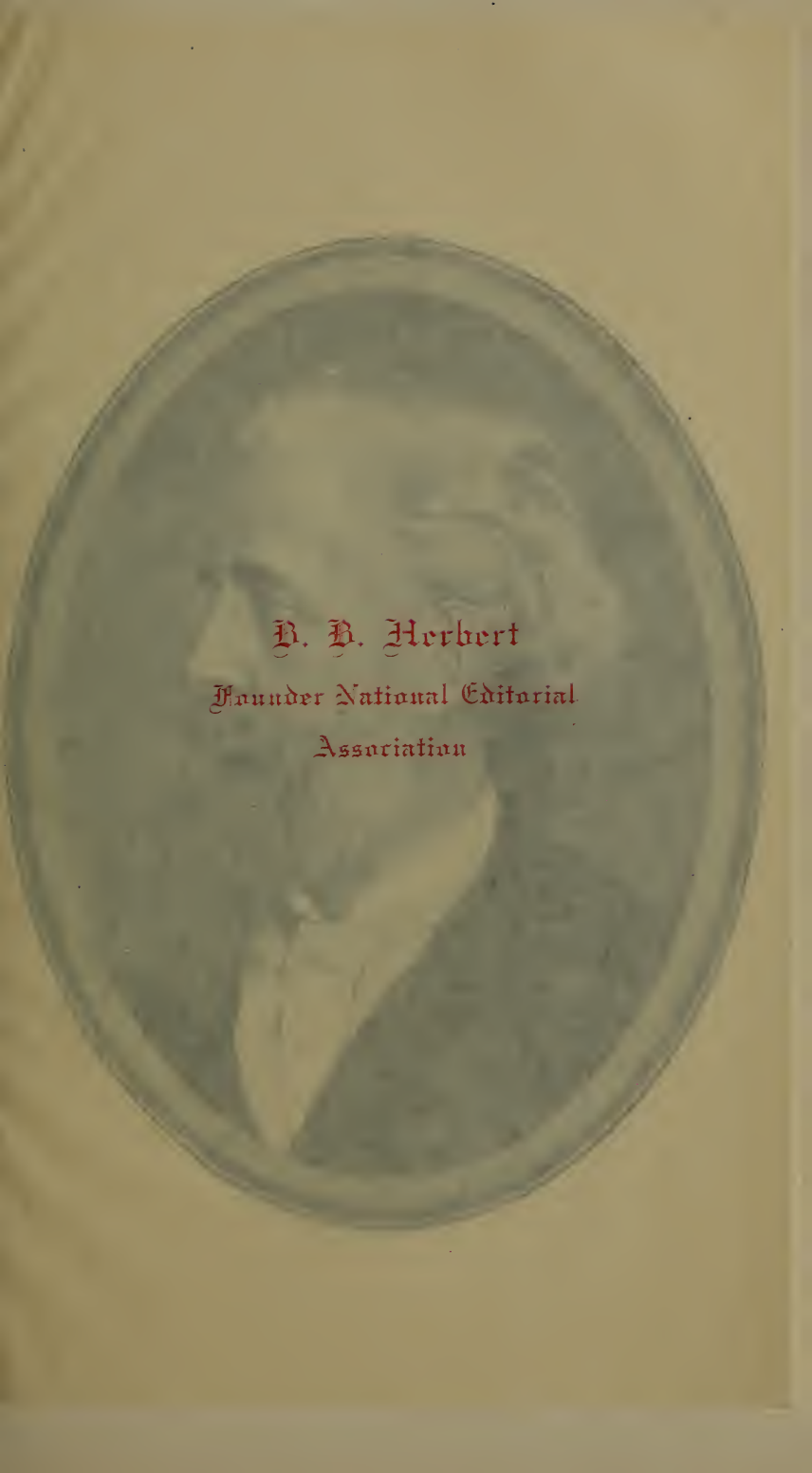




Part 111

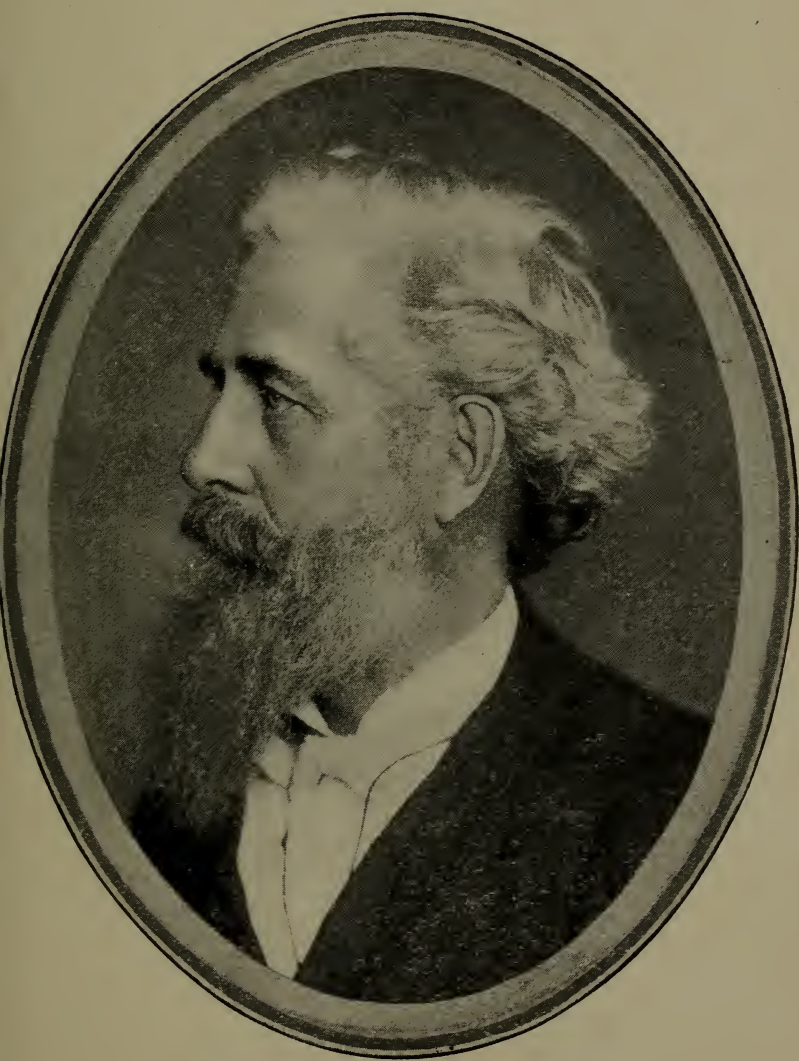
New Orleans 1885

Inscribed to the Hon. B. B. Herbert



B. B. Herbert

Founder National Editorial
Association



Who from ocean shore to ocean
And from inland lake to bay,
Have gathered each year together
As we gather here today,
And, lifting our blazoned banner
Be we grave or be we gay
We rally around the leader
Who founded the N. E. A.

May his heart be full of comfort
As we know it is with pride
As he grasps the hands that meet him
As he turns on either side;
But for him, we were as strangers;
But for him, as scattered sheaves;
Who are now a band of brothers
Who listen to lispings leaves.

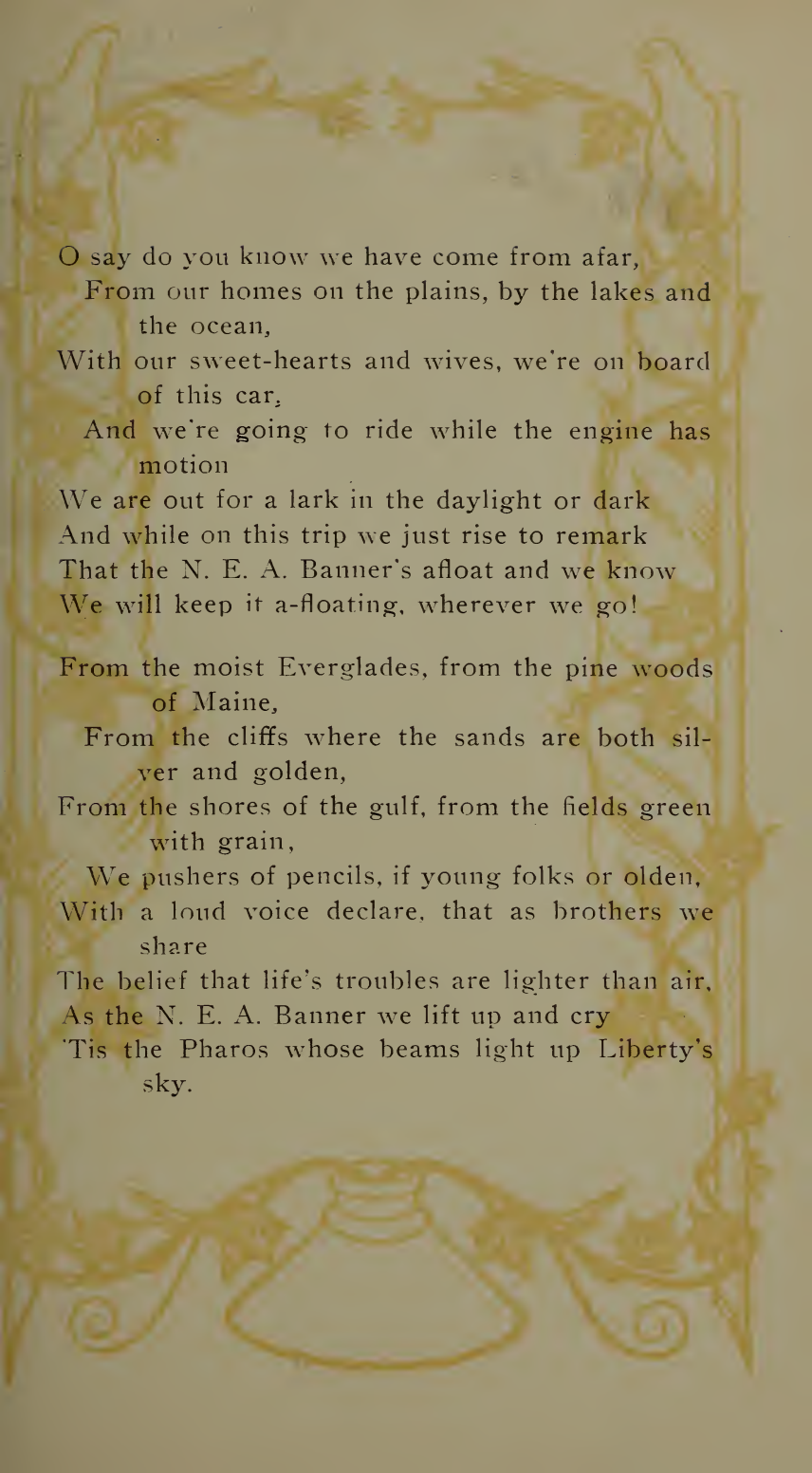
There are many gifted brothers
Who have fallen with the years;
There are many vanished faces
That we only see through tears;
When the lispings leaves sang "30"
As a sign their task was done
They went smiling to the new life
In the land beyond the sun;

Where the lispings leaves are fadeless
And the night is as the day
To celestial pencil pushers
As they walk the shining way;
And I sometimes think the twinkle
Of the stars is but a sign
From eyes that once looked lovingly
Into your glad eyes and mine.

“30”

N. E. A. Vanuer
Jubilee Song--Guthrie to Portland

Air:~ Star Spangled Banner



O say do you know we have come from afar,
From our homes on the plains, by the lakes and
the ocean,

With our sweet-hearts and wives, we're on board
of this car,

And we're going to ride while the engine has
motion

We are out for a lark in the daylight or dark
And while on this trip we just rise to remark
That the N. E. A. Banner's afloat and we know
We will keep it a-floating, wherever we go!

From the moist Everglades, from the pine woods
of Maine,

From the cliffs where the sands are both sil-
ver and golden,

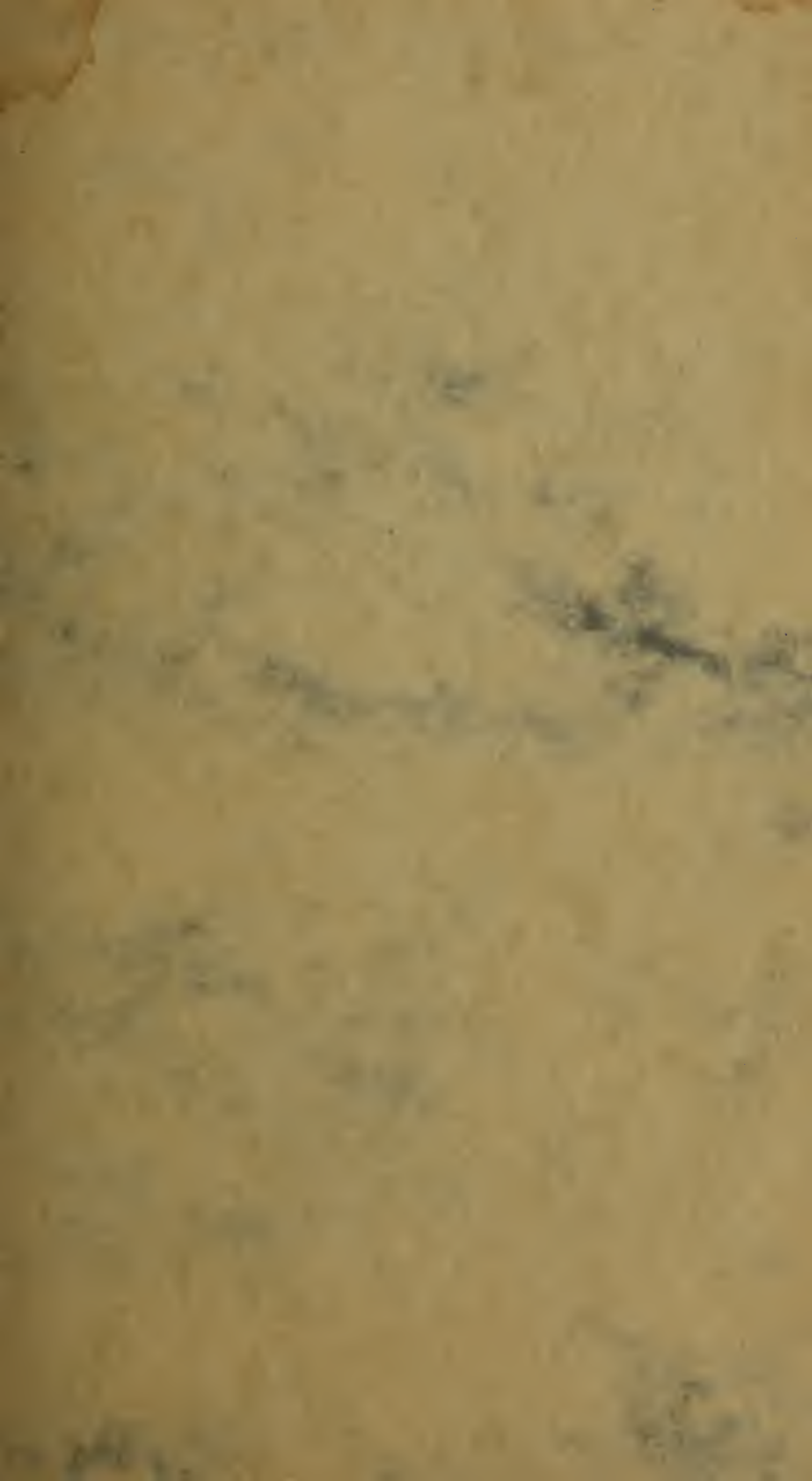
From the shores of the gulf, from the fields green
with grain,

We pushers of pencils, if young folks or olden,
With a loud voice declare, that as brothers we
share

The belief that life's troubles are lighter than air,
As the N. E. A. Banner we lift up and cry
'Tis the Pharos whose beams light up Liberty's
sky.

And whose was the hand, that first lifted our
flag,
In the land where magnolias smile down upon
roses?
Who still is our leader, whose steps do not lag,
Who, ever each year some new pleasure dis-
closes?
Who but Herbert whose pen, has again and
again,
Been placed at the service of newspaper men,
As the N. E. A. Banner he lifted in air
And yelled like a cow-boy, knock it down if you
dare!

O then be it ever as brothers we stand,
Whatever our creed or whatever our station,
For our hearts and our homes and our well
beloved land
And our sweethearts who beat all the rest of
creation;
Then prosper we must, for our rates they are
just,
And this is our motto: spot cash lest we bust;
For the N. E. A. Banner's afloat and you bet
We are jolly good fellows and don't you forget.



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